

Across the Street.
Jennie lives across the way,
Just about fifteen feet away,
I shall be nineteen next May,
Pretty as a bird is she,
And she looks across at me
Pretending as if she can't see,
Sometimes we go on like mice,
If I tell her she'll "sneer,"
Then she gets as cool as ice.
Why she's but a child—silly—
I tell her so, she calls me "mean,"
And gets as haughty as a queen.
And then she grows so very pale;
I wonder what can ever ail
The girl? Perhaps she's heard some tale?
I love her very well, you know,
And have tried to tell her so,
But, since she hates me, let it go!

A BEAR STORY.
"A bear is an animal to be respected and feared. He seldom goes out of his way to injure anybody, but he doesn't stand much fooling if anybody undertakes to meddle with him. He remembers a good turn longer than most men do, and if he has a weakness for honey, I've never known him, of his own accord, to mix it with anything deleterious. So much for the principal character in my story, and I must follow with a short sketch of myself before I come to the main plot. Not far from where I was born there lived an old woman that was believed to be a witch. Now whenever a baby was born she would look at it first and see what he or she was likely to be good for in the world. When she saw my oldest brother looking so cute out of his eyes, and holdin' his little fists so tight, she condemned him to be a lawyer. And so it was. He turned out to be one of the biggest rascals in Southwest Virginia. The second boy my mother felt was prophesied for a famous politician, and he grew up still worse than the lawyer, if so be such a thing is possible. Now when the old woman was called on to look at me, she set for a long time in a kind of brown study. At last she spoke up. This boy," she said, "has got to be a fighter. He's got to be ahead of either of his brothers, but it would be a shame to bring up such a stout and open-handed baby to any of them weak, speakin' brudders."
"Daddy took the thing to heart, and hein' flattered with her prognostications concernin' me, concluded to do full justice to my faculties, and bring me up as a fighter; and so he christened me Rowsey, after old Leather Bill Atkins' big big dog. This dog aforesaid was so terrible on wild varmints that Brother Ballard, the lawyer (who was high larn), told Leather Bill if he wasn't stopped there would be no game left in the mountains—no more than there was in the island of China after Orion's raid. Not being much addicted to Scripture, I don't know what that mean. No more did old Leather, but the expression "skered him," and he sent the dog away."

"Well, no sooner was I fairly weaned than daddy began his education by gittin' me a six-month-old bar cab for a playmate. That cub we named Rough, accordin' to his mother, and he was a very comfortable friend as long as we were rompin' or sleepin' together; but when our bowl of mush and milk was set down there was a suspension of sociabilities until one of us got a sound wallopin', and the winner finished the mush and milk.
"Rough and me generally felt fair, but he would sometimes take a mean advantage when he found I had the upper hand in a fight; he would then, well aware that when it came to lappin' milk from the floor he was boss and I was no more, in spite of these little compassions, he would manage to keep his feet and hands and no outside beast or human ever overtook to poke his snout between us without feelin' the strength of our friendship. When we had grown to be three or four years old, Rough, accordin' to bar nater, had got so far ahead of me, and so careless about my clothes, that mammy began to feed us in separate pans. This new plan was so mighty quiet that mammy, fearing that we might pine for our usual exercise and excitement, would sometimes stop a bowl of milk into the mush pot, and allow us to go for the scrapin'. Gentlemen, as you are acquainted with scrapin'."

We were constrained to acknowledge our ignorance of the term. With a smile of benign pity for our simplicity, the narrator continued:
"To our excitement it was the pride of good housekeeping to keep the mush-pot always hot and never empty, and what with fillin' and re-fillin' you might reckon it would get pretty well gammed up. It was cooled off and scraped mostly of a Saturday evenin'. Now, gentlemen, them scrapin's, all so crisp and crusty, had a flavor that was mighty enticing to boys and bars, and I can't help feelin' sorry for a fellow whose boyhood hasn't been enriched with the recollection thereof. But to follow the text. Although it might be supposed human wit would have given me some advantage over a brute beast, yet, to tell the truth, Rough's mush was gittin' a little too much for my strength and science together, as appeared one day when a whole coach-load of our lawyer and politician relatives came to make a sociable visit to daddy and mammy. I believe the whole notion of it was to befool him and her into signin' some paper, that they thought chest him enter his land. But the bar and me knowed nothin' of that, but sent to gether into the kitchen when the company landed, mammy being ashamed to show us with the pretty children all dressed in store clothes and ribbons. But this put bar Rough and me both in a bad humor; so we felt a quarrel between ourselves, and presently we had a row, and I slapped me into the slop-bowl head-first, where I mought have drowned it, at the same time, he laid up the tub in his weakness. Now our visitors had just laid off their cloaks and bonnets, and was a-sloppin' up their children's curls, and a-braggin' of their smart-

ness, when I straddled, drippin' out of the slop, and bawlin' like a bull-calf. Now mammy was one of those hard-headed women that set no value on calico and store trinkets for herself, but to see her brag child carryin' such a figure in company was a little too much, and she flung up like an awful of brush.
"Husband," said she, "either that boy or that bar has got to leave this house. The brute has outgrown the child, it has, and they can't get along agreeable no more, and on account of its unmanlyness it's on posessible to keep Rowsey dressed decent, it is."
"Well, what's to be done about the boy's education?" says dad.
"Mammy suggested that I was gettin' big enough to go to school. I had heard say it was more aristocratic and safer for the children's morals to have a private tutor, so he swore we should hold on to the bar.
"Things went on as usual for a while, when the family dispute was settled by a conference circumstance. One day I was roamin' of a farther in the sabbath, when I observed Rough settin' off by the door a watchin' me out of the corner of his eye. I mistrusted his intentions, and as I knowed I was no longer a match for him in a scramble, I felt kinder my tater a little deeper, and alyp put the poker to heat in the coals. When it was done, I took up the poker and poked out my tarter on the hearth. No sooner was the clear of the hot tates than Rough's paw covered it, and slap went the red poker stop of his paw. There was a yell you mought have heard a mile off, and the whole cabin smelt of burnt bar. I was scared, so, so, droppin' the poker, and handlin' my tater, I started for the stable loft, but at the room-door I met daddy comin' in all in a flare.
"Rowsey," said he, "what have you been a-doin' to that poor brute beast?"
"Nothin'," says I, feelin' mighty mean. "He grabbed my tater, and I licked him, that's all. And it was a fair fight."

"What do you think the cursed brute done? Why, he just held up his burnt paw to show daddy, and then went in and whinin' around the hot poker, tellin' the whole story in fewer words than any human could have done. Well, dad just divided his judgments by gittin' Rough the tater and givin' me a floggin' for my part. I was sweated by my seein' the brute eat it, all the while makin' impudent faces at me while I stood snivelin' in a corner. We never had any more friendship or confidence in each other after that. All the artfulness of my natur was roused by the flog to get square with the brute unbeknown to daddy; and Rough never see me pick up anything after that, even a chip, that he didn't run and hide hisself.
"Mammy took advantage of the coolness and poor Rough, like I have said, was sent back into the wilderness. After he was gone it come back to me that I had acted a mighty mean part toward my old companion, and for many a day I felt lonesome and pinin' whenever I thought of him. Then I was sent to school a while where I was licked through from a *ab* Constantinople in less than two years, fit the boys, kissed the girls, and picked up an amount of book larnin and high dig, that has been an advantage to me ever since, as you gentlemen can plainly see. But as soon as I had grown big enough to handle a rifle dad took me home again, to shine up my professional education under himself. I feelin' lightly on the vulgar business of plowin' and plantin' corn, I started me to shoot a deer and line a wild bee to such a certainty that we never was scarce of meat any home in our house, though we did sometimes have to trade for corn meal. One evenin', as I was a-comin' home from watchin' a deer lick, I meets a bar right in the path. I was soot by surprise that I fired my gun in the air, then quickly dropped it, and drew my butcher knife; but the varmint wasn't so much scared, and sot up on his hind-legs, shadin' his eyes with his paw, as if he was tryin' to make out who I was. That paw I noticed had a streak of white hair across it, and the next minute we was huggin' in each other's arms; for you may well believe old Rough and me was mighty pleased to see each other."

Now, gentlemen, a dog can always appreciate a good will, but a bar is not likewise gifted, being limited to wry faces and awkward paws, and to have seen old Rough tryin' to say his name would have made you bust a laughin'; but, gentlemen, it was plain to see the cretin's heart was in the right place. He bore me no grudge for the past, and tried to hide that scarified paw for fear I mought feel bad about it. Seem' that my old friend wasn't nigh so sleek and glossy as he used to be, I conceived he was leadin' a tolerable hard life, and tried to persuade him to follow me home, explainin' to him that we wasted enough at the cabin to keep him fat to the end of his days. But no; his mind was fixed, his only answer was a mournful shake of the head, and I giv' him a farewell squeeze, he trotted away into the woods. As he went, I thought I see him lift his left paw to wipe a tear from his eye. My dear, gentlemen, but there is more humanity about dumb creatures than we are ever of mostly."

"For a long time after that I was afeared to risk a shot at a bar, and to shun temptation, give up carryin' a gun, and turned my attention obliely to huntin' bee trees. They were plenty enough in our mountains, and for convenience I built me a camp some way off from the settlements, and lived on a bit tough to hold the honey I gathered. Now I filled my trough from time to time, but every night the varmints come and clean me out, which I knowed to be their likin'. I never see 'em, and I was in this way for some time. I beethinks me of a plan for gittin' even with 'em. I giv' me a keg of peach brandy, and givin' a very moderate supply for my own necessities, I pour the honey into my trough, and mixed it pretty thick with honey. Then I whetted my knife, and retired to the camp to wait the effect of my trap. I carried a good full of the mix with me, which was so cussed sweet that I

can't mind anything more that happened until to-morrow mornin', when I was wakened by a hellabaloo like the like of which I never heard before nor since. Clearin' the brush out of my throat with a twig from my leg, I draws my knife, and guessin' all your wail the honey trough, where I see a sight which filled me with astonishment and laughter. The whole place was black with bars. I wouldn't like to risk my reputation—which is endorbed by stalin's number. There mought have been a hundred, more or less, of all ages and sizes, from an old six-hundred-pounder to a six-month-old cub, all drunk as Christians. Now the longer I studied their doin's, the more natural they looked, just as I've seen civilized humans carryin' on up at Beverly after an election-day. Sick was the influence of good liquor on 'savage brutes, which appeared to raise 'em up to the level of our kind. I began to feel as if I was plottin' murder agin my fellow-creatur."

"Howsomever, what I mought have concluded don't much signify, for presently an old sot happened to stagger into the thicket where I was hid, caught sight of me, and gave a yell that fairly lifted the hat off my head, and fetched every bar to his feet. Apparently my time was short; but still calculatin' to stampede 'em, I up with a mighty shout, 'either the old blather-skin that raised the alarm. I went in through the brush like a whirlwind. It was a foolish idea. Bears and honey don't make brutes akery no more than it does men, and in less than two minutes I was smotherin' under a squinin' stack of bar meat about the size of dad's cabin. Now, as I wasn't smashed to death, my position must be rightly considered providential, for the bodies of the brutes that lay next to me showed me agin the teeth and claws of the outsiders, and bein' wall-nigh smothered themselves, they was obliged to fight outward for fresh air. But it don't signify to be tellin' how I got out of there, for I don't exactly know myself. Howsomever, when I rose and got my breath, I see the bars all around me fightin' among their selves, makin' the furry like feathers at a goose-pickin', and quite comin' full of the stranger among 'em. I mought have cleared myself then, but my blood was up and I went through 'em, slabbin' right and left, comin' out as a mad wild-cat respectin' neither age nor sex. I then several old fellows appeared to get a little of me, and closed their eyes. While I fit in and, a really old squealer grabbed me round the neck from behind, I struck backward, feelin' my knife enter his cussed carcass a dozen times; but it didn't loosen his grip, and I felt my strength goin'. At this pint a big bar poked his head up from behind the money trough, rubbin' his little eyes as if he had just waked up. In a minute he broke for us."

"Rowsey," thinks I, "it's time for family worship. Now I lay me down to sleep."
"As I prayed I made a stab at the big he, who shunned the blade, and, to my astonishment, grabbed the heat in front of me with his left paw, sendin' him heels over head; then with his right he tore the feller off my back. I was too far gone to ask questions, but bein' lonesome more, I broke for camp. There I barricaded myself in with poles, and laid pantin' and suppin' peach-and-honey until I fairly come to my strength again. It took me some time longer to get up pluck enough to venture back toward the battle-ground. Howsomever, late in the afternoon I did creep down that way, gittin' like a sheep dog at first, but later on like a lion. I was everything was quiet. Around that honey trough lay twenty-two dead bar, young and old. Gentlemen, I value my reputation too high to weigh it agin bar meat. Gentlemen, I counted them bodies as they lay, and you may think I was mighty proud as I viewed the ground. Well, I mought have been, but there was one corpse too many there for my peace of mind. Over by the honey trough, just where my life was saved, as I thought, by the miraculous mistake of a drunken old bar, there lay two bodies, clutched in a death grip, just as they had fell fightin'. They were badly tore, and the leaves all around soaked and stained; but as I looked over to look close at it, I felt a shiver run down my spine to my bones. There was the white paw, stiff and bloody. Gentlemen, there lay Rough, my old playmate."

"The ragged hunter drew his sleeve across his eyes, reached over for the pitcher, and turned it bottom upward over his empty glass.
"Well, I went to work sayin' my meat with a heavy heart, and next day got some fellers up from the settlements with horses and sleds to help me down with it. There was such a pile that all the neighbors gathered in to look and get a share, and there was a mighty gamin' and bettin' on the weight. Now we had no steelyards no scales of any kind; but there was Bill Swanson, who had got weighed out when he was downed by the Kiowa Salt-water, and accordin' to his recollection, which was good when he staid sober (which he never did willingly), he drewed just two hundred and eighty-two pound weight on the salt-water scales. Well, we just laid a stout rail across a stump, nixed a fashion, and sot old Bill on one end and piled bar meat on the other, till we got his half—which we did! I now disremember whether it was seven or seventeen times. Howsomever, none of us bein' scholars enough to subtract that together, we scored the times on a saplin' till the school-master came along to expose it up for us. But everybody bowed their never see such a pile of meat in all their born days."
"And did you never try that trap again, Rowsey?"
"Oh yes; for you see, after old Rough was dead I had no merrcy on bar any more, and I not that same trap over and over. But I looked away my liquor and honey; for though my ball was sot regularly, I never see bar no a-bar's track in that neighborhood afterward. But once I see old Bill Swanson turkin' around that, and havin' my own suspicions, I left off settin'."

"And did you eat old Rough with the rest?" inquired Dick.
"Mister," said the mountaineer, with a gesture of indignant scorn, "such a question is a discredit to the feller that asks it. Do I look like a lawyer or a heathen cannibal? No, sir; I buried him decent and respectable, with all his hair on him, just as I would a Christian friend, and I tarred his name on a smooth clapboard, and stuck it up at his head. And that he mought have rested in peace to this day, but some of them high-scienced fellers from the East come a-nosin' and a-scrutin' through that country, and mistakin' the grave for an Injun mound, they ex-cavated poor Rough's bones and sent 'em to Barnum's Institute, at Washington city, where I've heard say they stands in a glass case, as the skeleton of a celebrated Injun chief, between a pair of General Washington's old breeches and General Jackson's night-cap, which he wore at the battle of New Orleans—Paris Croyon."

A Night in the Country.
About 11 o'clock, writes a city man who is making a visit to the country, the dogs take a tongue in. The faithful watch dogs generally form themselves into Granges, each containing about 700 dogs, for mutual aid and benefit in the illicit distillation of mutton. Every night one hundred dogs steal away silently to kill sheep, while the other six hundred bark furiously, to induce their owners to believe they are, like the Hon. Elijah Program, "active to their duty to cover the bloody operations of their fellows." At midnight the cow, whose calf has been rafted from her, having reflected on her loss, lifts up her voice and laments. The lament of a sorrowful cow in a barn is something *tragic* in the matter of sounds. In the first place, it takes her a long time to become loud, and an equally long time to fill the barn with noise. But when the building is crowded with "moo," and it begins to leak out at the windows and doors in muffled and mellowed tones, she has a long interval of rest to prepare for another blast of the first undulation has been exhausted. About two in the morning she is drowned out and silenced by a jackass somewhere in the country, who, having nerved himself for the effort by a silence of twenty-four hours, delivers himself of a bray that makes the sky bright with a responsive shower of shooting stars. There is an awful silence for about twenty minutes, no animal daring to call his voice; his own; then the jackass sings again. Just as the country side is congratulating itself that the induction is over, for another interval of twenty minutes, he discharges a third volley, and then is heard no more. Yon, however, do not know whether he has broken a blood-vessel or gone to sleep; but with a dreadful uncertainty as to when the next bray will occur, put your hand under the clothes, and your thumbs in your ears, and wait.

The Village Choir.
The ancient village choir, with its flutes and fiddles, has been swept away. Its pretensions were no doubt greater than its powers. The principal soprano had figured in front of the gallery for a period of nearly half a century, and her performance resembled nothing so much as that of a woman when informed that she had just added a fresh egg to her store. The basso profundo, thinking that there was nothing like leather, shouted to such a degree that in summer time, when the door were open, he could be distinctly heard on the top of the opposite hill. It is not easy to describe the horror of an Italian musician, who having been detained in the neighborhood by a coach accident and received at the rectory, attended the church one Sunday morning, and was subjected to the usual display.

The wedding guest, he beat his breast: For he heard the lead bassoon.
"You must find Handel difficult," someone once ventured to remark to the leader of a band, when some chorus from the "Messiah" was in preparation. "Well, sir," was the reply, "he may be so; but then you see, his notes are so loud, and it was sometimes difficult to recognize the erection of the great maestro which figured by way of anthem. And yet, when all is said, there was a homeliness about the whole performance which harmonized with the simple old church, through whose 'unstoried' windows you could see the bein' and butterflies busy among the sycamore blossoms, and with the quiet pastoral teaching of the rector, whose discourses had at least the merit of being intelligible to the humblest of his congregation. But the secret of his influence lay outside his teaching. It was that of Chaucer's parish priest—
For chastity and his Apostles, twelve he taught; but first he followed it himself."

The Anti-Moety Bill.
The Anti-Moety bill, which the President of the United States signed provides that books and papers are only to be examined by order of the court and in court, remaining at other times in custody of their owners. No share of commissions on fines, forfeitures, or penalties goes to informers or officials, except in case of smuggling, and then under limitations. In fact, officials render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment if they bargain for moieties or compromises. Forfeitures only apply to cases or packages, not invoices, and incidental errors of accounts do not work forfeiture. Only intentional fraud ported in court is to be the subject of punishment, and suits can only be brought within three years of an alleged offense. When the provisions of this bill come into play the business of a Special Agent is at an end.

THE HORRORS OF HYDROPHOBIA.
A Distressing Case in New York City.
Our New York exchanges give the details of the death of a well-known dry-goods merchant by hydrophobia.
"He first exhibited symptoms of the malady in its incipient stages on Monday, when he complained to his relatives of a peculiar numbness and lassitude of the arms and back, and more particularly about the neck. He said that he thought it was an attack of rheumatism. The feeling grew on him, and he tried several simple medicines without improving his condition. On Friday he said that his throat felt parched, and made swallowing painful. He drank much water that day, however. On returning to his house to dinner at six o'clock in the evening, he looked wild and haggard. A cup of tea was offered him, and on raising it to drink he was taken with a slight spasm just as it touched his lips. A physician was summoned at eight o'clock that evening, but was unable to diagnose his case on first looking at him. The doctor noticed that his eyes had a wild and metallic glare, and that he kept them constantly roving from one point to another. He talked in a whining tone about his thirst, and begged for a glass of water. His raging thirst at once led the physician to suspect that the disease might possibly be hydrophobia. One of the attendants at his bedside stepped into an adjoining room for the water, and when he heard it running he behaved very nervously and regarded the man being attended to with a look of intense alarm. The water was put in from a jug of him, and the sight of it made him shudder and tremble more violently than ever. The glass was held close to his mouth, and he shouted: 'For God's sake take it away! take it away!' The water was again offered him, and he seized the glass with trembling hands and managed by a desperate effort to carry it to his lips. He took two swallows and then let it drop, screaming, 'Take it away, take it away.' After this his delirium subsided and his convulsions were less frequent. Dr. Hadden inquired whether he had been bitten by a horse or a cat, or any other animal. Mr. McCormick said that he had been scratched on the hand by a little poodle dog, but that it didn't amount to anything. He said that he was playing with the dog in a baker's shop, round the corner about three weeks before, and that the animal had scratched his finger slightly with one of his teeth. The wound was so slight that there was no blood, and it healed in a day or two. He pointed to the scar on the index finger of his right hand, above the thumb and near the finger joint. All that was visible was a faint redness of the skin, the mark of the dog's tooth having disappeared. He was positive that the poodle was not mad, but admitted that it was taken to the pound three or four days ago. After listening to his story, Dr. Hadden offered him some brandy, but he had the same horror of the stimulant that he had for the water. The doctor prescribed for him, and left him feeling much better. As midnight his spasms returned, and he moaned and groined dreadfully. He broke down the bed on which he lay in his convulsive attempts to get out, and afterward ran to the window and tried to jump to the sidewalk. It required the united strength of his two brothers and his brother-in-law to drag him back. His limbs were pinioned and he was placed on another bed. In his struggles he made several snaps of his teeth at his attendants, and while his hands were being tied he sprang at one of his brothers and tried to bite him. A bed-sheet was held before his face to prevent him from spitting at those around him."

Dr. Hadden returned to him with Dr. Taithe, they found him frothing at the mouth, and thought he was like a madman. He struggled with superhuman force, and the doctors had to throw a mattress over him to keep him down. He roared about the doctors, and said they would kill him.
Three grains of morphia and one-twelfth of a grain of atropine in a solution of one hundred drops, was injected under the skin.
The effect of the narcotics was apparent in a few minutes. The atropine was the first to act. It worked on the glands and stopped the frothing at the mouth. The morphia made the patient insensible. He remained so until 9 A. M., when he showed signs of consciousness. Dr. Hadden, Dr. Leavitt, and Dr. Hammond, late Surgeon-General of the United States Army, were in attendance. Dr. Hammond confirmed Dr. Hadden's opinion that the patient had hydrophobia. He said that there was no well-authenticated case of recovery from hydrophobia on record. He thought that the certificate of three or four reputable physicians should be sufficient to have the body of any one dying from the disease destroyed. He agreed with Dr. Hadden that to administer anæsthetics was all that could be done for Mr. McCormick, and that it was utterly impossible to save his life.
On the patient recovering consciousness he showed the same wild symptoms that had first seized him, and another hypodermic injection of morphia and atropine was made.
The second injection was not so powerful as the first, but it put the patient in a comatose state, in which he continued until the time of his death. He died at five o'clock."

Chinese Old Maids.
In China a woman may grow old and remain unmarried without being considered a disgraceful person to have about. In fact, it is rather nice than otherwise to be an old maid there. A Shanghai journal tells us that the Emperor has just decreed that special honors be paid to two ancient spinners, one of whom has recently died after a life of devotion to the memory of her dead betrothed. The other spinster, who is still living, has the extraordinary fact related of her that in her youthful days she refused to marry an eligible young person on the ground that she couldn't leave her home. When the Emperor heard this he instantly ordered her noble conduct to be recognized.

Two German fire companies in Elyria, O., recently disbanded because the Council passed a prohibitory fire ordinance.

An Indian Elopement.
Gen. Canter, in his "Life on the Plains," tells the following story of the successful elopement of the daughter of a chief:
One evening after we had gone into camp, many long weary miles from our point of starting, and when we supposed we had left all the Kiowas safely in camp awaiting the release of their two chiefs, Lone Wolf and Salanta, we were all surprised to see a young and handsome Kiowa warrior gallop into our midst accompanied by a young squaw, who certainly could not have reached the spot which distinguished the woman from the girl. In a few moments our little party gathered about these two wayfarers, eager to learn the cause of their sudden and unexpected visit. The girl was possessed of almost marvellous beauty, a beauty so remarkable that my companions of that march refer to her to this day as the most beautiful squaw they have ever seen. Her graceful and well-rounded form, her clearly-cut features, her dark expressive eyes, fringed with long silken lashes, cheeks rich with the color of youth, teeth of pearly whiteness occasionally peeping from between her full, rosy lips, added withal to a most bewitching manner, rendered not the remotest of her story to make her an object of deep interest in the eyes of the gallants of our party. But to their story.
She was the daughter of Black Eagle, at that time the acting head chief of the Kiowas. The young warrior who rode at her side was somewhat of a young Lochinvar in disposition. It was the old, old story, only to be repeated again by these representatives of the red man—mutual and determined love on the part of the youngsters; opposition equally determined upon the part of Black Eagle; not that the young warrior was objectionable, but unfortunately as is but too often the case, he was poor, and could not offer in exchange for the hand of a chief's daughter the proper number of ponies. Black Eagle was inexorable—the lovers, consistency itself. There was but one thing for them to do, and they did it.
Aware of our proposed expedition in search of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, they timed their affair accordingly. Giv'ing us time to get two days the start, they slipped away from their village at dusk the evening of the second day after our departure, and hastening unperceived to a thicket near by, where the lover had taken the precaution to conceal two of the fleetest ponies of the village already saddled, they were seen in their saddles and galloping for love and life away from the Kiowa village.
I say galloping for life, for by the Indian law, if the father or relatives of the girl could overtake the fugitives within twenty-four hours, the life of the young woman would pay the forfeit.
They followed our trail in order to avail themselves of our protection by traveling with us as far as our course might lead them in the direction of the Staked Plains, on the borders of which a straggling band of Kiowas, under the chief Woman Heart, was supposed to be, and which the lovers intended to join, at least until the rage of paternal families should subside and they be invited to return. This in brief was their story. I need not add that they found a hearty welcome in our midst, and were assured that they need no longer fear pursuit.
That evening, after the camp fires were lighted, the officers of our party, with interpreter, gathered around the camp fire, of the bridal couple and passed a pleasant hour in conversation. Their happiness and exultation at their success in escaping from their village were too powerful to be restrained, and in many delicate little ways the bridegroom by Indian law twenty-four hours' absence from the village with her lover made her a bride—plainly betrayed her exceeding fondness for him who had risked all to claim her as his own.
After my return to the main camp I met Black Eagle, and informed him that his daughter and her husband had been companions of our march. "Yes, why did you not kill him?" was his reply, which upon inquiry he explained by saying that if some person had kindly put an end to his life, his son-in-law, it would have benefited him to the value of several ponies; his difficulty seeming to be in overcoming the loss of the ponies which should have been paid for his daughter's hand. I afterwards learned, however, that the wealthy chief became reconciled to the wilful lovers, and invited them to return to his lodge, an invitation they were not tardy in accepting."

That Spreering Earl.
The Earl of Yarborough, who has just turned up in Jersey, England, is about forty years old; he is married, and has several children; his estates are large and valuable; he is the patron of fifteen livings in the Established Church, and he has everything to make him happy. All the same, he is so unhappy that he drinks to excess to drown his grief, and goes on spree as that often last for days. One evening recently he was seen in the lobby of the House of Lords quite tipsy, late in the night he was seen at the Victoria Station, still drinking, and after then has been in obscurity. Some one suggested that probably he had followed the example of a brother nobleman who jumped from Westminster Bridge the other day in order to put an end to his troubles. But those who know Lord Yarborough said that perhaps he had been murdered, but that he disliked water too much to drown himself. A description of his person and dress was published, and a reward offered for news of him. A body was picked up in the river dressed just as Lord Yarborough had been dressed, and answering the description given of him. But a closer examination of the corpse proved that it was not that of the missing nobleman, and that probably some headless man had drowned himself in order to receive a peer's funeral. Meanwhile the search was continued until finally he was found—only suffering with a very bad headache.
Two German fire companies in Elyria, O., recently disbanded because the Council passed a prohibitory fire ordinance.

Items of Interest.
Eighty-two cities in Germany now boast of cremation societies. But we have yet to hear of the first case of cremation.
At the Friends' yearly meeting at Newport, a venerable Quaker made his appearance for the seventy-sixth time, having been present at every meeting since 1798.
A couple were married the other day at Taunton, Mass., after a patient courtship of thirty years. The clergyman who performed the ceremony was not born when they were affianced.
A rich bachelor in Providence declares he must marry a girl who ends her name with "ie," and all the Farnie's and Josie's and Minnie's are thinking what they will do about it.
Notwithstanding the coolness of the summer, old Sol did his best last week in Claremont, Vermont, where he beamed so fiercely on a tin mill pan that his reflections set a house on fire.
Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss: "Madam, I consider you an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

The editor of the Bangor *Whig and Courier* gives an account of a man who traveled nearly forty miles in Maine, passing through several towns, before he was able to obtain a glass of liquor.
Of one hundred and eighty-two boys in the Connecticut State Reform School, the annual report of the superintendent makes the interesting statement that one hundred and eighty are liars.
An Albany man who was excitedly demonstrating to a crowd that there is no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to shin up a barber's pole when a small yellow dog came rushing down the street.
Mrs. Corbin, of Evansville, Ill., has discovered that women succeed better at everything else than at motherhood. She says that all the children born in Christendom only one-half reach the age of six years.
The experiment of bringing the salt marshes at Reigate and Marshfield, Mass., under cultivation, by building dikes, is proving very successful; crops of herbs, grass and vegetables being already well advanced.
A man in easy circumstances in Ben-ton, Vt., the other day hinged himself because he had been sued for \$20. He left a note saying that he was perfectly sane, but that he did not so low that his name was good for \$20, he had no desire to exist any longer.
Answers to correspondents.—Hus-bands.—It can't be helped now. If you have been in front of a trunk store for ten minutes, walk all around the specimens displayed on the sidewalk and kick every one of their corners, you may make up your mind for an easy departure from the city.
Wife of his bosom (directly he came home at night)—Charlie, I've just got a letter from mother. You know she was here only last week (yes, you can see by the expression of his face that he hasn't forgotten that), and she has lost all her property by the failure of Sprague's, and—now I suppose, Charlie, she'll have to come and stay with us all the time.
A Sunday-school inquiry and answer may be told as follows: "Tommy Howell, can you tell me what is meant by the word miracle, so often used in the Bible which you now hold in your hand?" "Yes, Miss Harvey, I think I can. Ma says if you and Captain Smith, who was with you at the Presbyterian picnic, don't marry pretty soon it will be a miracle."
Chief Justice Chase, who administered the oath of office to Lincoln in 1865, to Johnson soon after, and twice to Grant, made a practice of sending to the wife of the President the Bible on which the oath was taken, marking the passage therein pressed by the President's lips. When Johnson was sworn in, Chase, kind of the mistake of the 11th chapter of Ezekiel, and Grant in 1869 the 121st Psalm.
A Novel Swindle.
An novel application was made in the Marylebone Police Court, in London, the other day. A respectably dressed young woman asked the magistrate for his advice and assistance. The applicant, who is about four feet one inch in stature, stated that she saw an advertisement to the effect that the advertiser could, under his treatment, make short people tall. She wrote to the advertiser, who resides in Gillet's street, Kentish Town, and she received in reply a statement of terms and a number of testimonials giving the names and addresses of several persons who had increased their height under his treatment. Believing his statement, she wrote to him and enclosed stamps. She went under his treatment, but finding that she did not grow she felt that she had been swindled. She had paid 11s. to the man. Mr. Mansfield said it was no doubt a swindle, and inquired of the applicant if she had read the Bible, and she answered in the affirmative. He would grant a summons against the advertiser, for obtaining money under false pretences. Applicant thanked his worship and withdrew.
An Impious Couple.
A foreign correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* relates the following anecdote, told him by an Englishman. He says that he assisted once at a marriage in England, and that while the bride party were kneeling around the altar a sister of the bride, who was a pious girl, was sitting in the front row and carried the poor fellow to laugh about. The bride followed suit, the bridesmaids did so, and the clergyman rose up in his wrath and said he would not marry such an impious couple. Indignantly he retired from the church, and no one could persuade him to return. The moments were fleeting, and twelve o'clock came with the time untold. No marriage can take place in England after that hour, so there was nothing left for the bride party to do but to turn home and wait until the day, when they could appear soberly and reverently to take their vows.

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